

**THE INDEPENDENT**  
SATURDAY MORNINGS,  
BY THE  
Douglas County Publishing Company.  
One Year - \$2.50  
Six Months - \$1.50  
Three Months - \$1.00  
These are the terms of those paying in advance. The  
Independent offers no inducements to advertisers.  
Cash in advance.

**J. JASKULEK,**  
PRACTICAL  
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician.  
ALL WORK WARRANTED.  
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,  
Spectacles and Eyeglasses.  
AND A FULL LINE OF  
Cigars, Tobacco & Fancy Goods.  
The only reliable Optician in town for the proper ad-  
justment of spectacles; always on hand.  
Repat of the Seattle Business Public Spe-  
cialties and Brazilian.  
Office—First Door South of Postoffice,  
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

**LANGENBERG'S**  
Boot and Shoe Store  
ROSEBURG, OREGON.  
On Jackson Street, Opposite the Post Office.  
Keep on hand the largest and best assortment of  
Eastern and San Francisco Boots and  
Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers,  
And everything in the Boot and Shoe line, and  
SELLS CHEAP FOR CASH.  
Boots and Shoes Made to Order, and  
Perfect Fit Guaranteed.  
I use the Best of Leather and Warrant all  
my work.  
Repairing Neatly Done, on Short Notice.  
I keep always on hand  
**TOYS AND NOTIONS.**  
Musical Instruments and Violin Strings  
a specialty.  
**LOUIS LANGENBERG,**

**DR. M. W. DAVIS,**  
DENTIST,  
ROSEBURG, OREGON.  
Office—On Jackson Street, Up Stairs,  
Over S. Marks & Co.'s New Store.

**MAHONEY'S SALOON,**  
Nearest the Railroad Depot, Oakland.  
JAS. MAHONEY, Proprietor.  
The Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars in  
Douglas County, and  
THE BEST BILLIARD TABLE IN THE STATE,  
KEPT IN PROPER REPAIR.  
Parties traveling on the railroad will find this place  
very handy to call upon the stopping of the train at  
the Oakland Depot. Give me a call.  
JAS. MAHONEY.

**JOHN FRASER,**  
Home Made Furniture,  
WILBUR, OREGON.  
UPHOLSTERY, SPRING MATTRESSES, ETC.  
Constantly on hand.  
**FURNITURE.** I have the Best  
Stock of Furniture  
and all of my own manufacture.  
No Two Prices to Customers.  
Residents of Douglas County are requested to give me a  
call before purchasing elsewhere.  
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

**DEPOT HOTEL,**  
Oakland, Oregon.  
RICHARD THOMAS, Proprietor.  
This Hotel has been established for a number  
of years, and has become very popu-  
lar with the traveling public.  
FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS  
—AND THE—  
Table supplied with the Best of Market affords  
Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

**H. C. STANTON,**  
DEALER IN  
Staple Dry Goods,  
Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of  
**Extra Fine Groceries,**  
WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,  
—ALSO—  
**CROCKERY AND CORDAGE.**  
A full stock of  
**SCHOOL BOOKS,**  
Such as required by the Public County Schools.  
All kinds of Stationery, Toys and  
Fancy Articles.  
TO SUIT BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.  
Boys and Girls Legal Tenders, furnishes  
Checks on Portland, and procures  
Drafts on San Francisco.

**SEEDS! SEEDS!**  
ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.  
ALL ORDERS  
Promptly attended to and goods shipped  
with care.  
Address,  
**MACHENY & BENO,**  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

At the recent sale in Baltimore of the  
effects of the late W. W. Carter a hair  
from the head of Henry Clay was sold  
for 30 cents, a piece of the towel used  
in standing the blood from Abraham  
Lincoln's death wound for \$1.35, and  
an autograph of Chief Justice John  
Marshall for 55 cents.  
Chesterfield: I look upon indulgence  
as a sort of suicide; for the man is ef-  
fectually destroyed, though the appetite  
of the brute may survive.

# THE DOUGLAS COUNTY INDEPENDENT.

VOL. IX. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1884. NO. 3.

**WHEN I AM DEAD.**  
[Franklin P. Daly in The Guardian.]  
I would not have the rude and gaping crowd  
Around me gather, and, 'mid lamentation  
Toll of my virtues, and with vain regret  
Bemoan my loss, and, leaving me, forget.  
But I would have the few of kindly heart,  
Whom, when I am dead, come, to my part,  
And, with thoughtful deeds their love ex-  
press.  
These would I have, no more, no less,  
When I am dead.  
I would not have the high and storied stone  
Placed over my grave, and then be left alone  
But I would have some things I once did  
love.  
I would leave the joyous world above,  
Placed over me, and each succeeding year  
I'd have my friends renew them, and oft  
linger near.  
With loving thoughts upon the dear one laid  
below.  
And talk of times departed long ago,  
When I am dead.

**KEEPING THEIR END UP.**  
HOW THE GREAT WEST'S MARVELS ARE  
TRYING TO MULTIPLY.  
Denver Tribune.  
As last Tuesday's west-bound train  
passed Cape Horn, a large party of  
Englishmen, of the "direct-from-Lun-  
non" variety, crowded out on the plat-  
form and loudly expressed their disap-  
pointment at the scenery, which was "not  
at all up to the guide books, you know,  
by Jove!"  
As they returned to their seats to en-  
joy a jolly good British all-around  
grumble, entirely oblivious of the indig-  
nant glances of the native passengers, a  
muck-jacking, gentle-voiced journalist  
from Frisco approached from the other  
end of the car and volunteered to give  
the journeymen some valuable facts con-  
cerning the country. In an ingenious  
and plausible way, he answered their  
questions in a manner that reduced our  
critics from over-the-pond to a condi-  
tion of profound amazement, not to say  
awe.  
The next morning the journalist was  
informed by the reporter that a com-  
mittee of gentlemen wished to see him  
in the baggage car. As he entered the  
latter he found a dozen travelers, all  
native and to the manor born, waiting  
to receive him in hand. The spokes-  
man advanced and said:  
"You are the party who was giving  
those globe trotters in the rear sleeper  
some points about the coast, I believe?"  
"I am, sir," said the quill-driver, mod-  
estly.  
"You told them, I understand," con-  
tinued the chairman, "that Mount  
Shasta was 76,000 feet high?"  
"The same," replied the quill-driver.  
"You divulged the well known fact  
that trains on this road were often de-  
tained four days by herds of buffalo, and  
that they frequently have to use a Gat-  
ling gun on the cowcatcher to prevent  
the locomotive being pushed off the  
track by the grizzly bears?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"You further acquainted them with  
the circumstance that the Digger Indi-  
ans live to the average age of 204, and  
that the rarefaction of the air on the  
plains is such that an ordinary pin  
looks like a telegraph pole at the dis-  
tance of forty-two miles?"  
"I think I wedged that in," re-  
sponded the newspaper man.  
"And we are informed they all made  
a memorandum of your statement that  
at the Palace hotel an average of two  
waiters per day were shot by the guests  
for bringing cold soup—eh?"  
"They did."  
"And, finally, we believe that you are  
the originator of that beautiful—that  
beautiful—fact regarding that fallen  
redwood tree up at Mariposa—I mean  
the hollow one into which the six  
horse-stage drives, and comes out of a  
knob-hole 165 feet further along?"  
"I told them all about it."  
"Just so! Just so!" said the com-  
mittee, grasping the patriot's hand  
and producing a well-filled buckskin  
bag. "And I am instructed by this com-  
mittee of your fellow-countrymen to  
present you with this slight token of  
our appreciation of the noble manner  
in which you have vindicated the honor  
of our noble land; God bless you, sir!"  
"Gentlemen," said the true Califor-  
nian, much affected, "I understand  
your feelings, and although I blush to  
be rewarded for simply doing my duty,  
I accept the gift as a sacred trust to be  
devoted to the further exaltation of our  
common country."  
**HE WOULDN'T BE SATISFIED EITHER  
WAY.**  
Boston Post.  
A man in Judge Geddes's district in  
Ohio was in the habit of visiting a  
neighboring town and getting drunk.  
One night on his return home with  
several sheets in the wind he ap-  
proached his house, saw no light, and  
suspected that his wife had gone to  
bed. "Now, Mary has gone to bed," he  
said, "and hasn't anything for me."  
"I'll make it warm for her," but  
in a moment he saw a light, and then  
said: "I'll be blessed if the extravagant  
thing isn't sitting up till this hour of  
night burning out my oil. Now, turn  
me if I don't make it hot for her."

**THE BRIGHT AND FUNNY GENIUS OF THE  
HOUSE—Training the Children for  
the Play.**  
[Minnie Dickens in Youth's Companion.]  
Ever since I can remember anything,  
I remember him as the good genius of  
the house, and as the happy, bright and  
funny genius.  
He had a peculiar tone of voice and  
way of speaking for each of the children,  
who could tell, without being called by  
name, which was the one addressed.  
He had funny songs which he used to  
sing to them before they went to bed.  
One in particular, about an old man who  
taught cold and rheumatism while  
driving in an omnibus, was a great  
favorite; and as it was accompanied by  
sneezes, coughs and funny gesticula-  
tions, it had to be sung over and over  
again before the small audience was  
satisfied.  
I can see him now through the mist  
of years, with a child nearly always on  
his knee, his bright and beautiful eyes  
full of life and fun. I can hear his clear  
and sweet voice, as he sang to those  
children, as he had no other occupa-  
tion in the world but to amuse them.  
And when they grew older, and were  
able to act little plays, it was the father  
himself who was teacher, manager,  
prompter, to those infantile amateurs.  
And those theatricals were under-  
taken as earnestly and seriously as were  
those of the grown-up people. He  
would teach the children their parts  
separately—teach them what to do, and  
how to do it, acting himself for their  
edification.  
At one moment he would be the  
dragon in "Fortunio," at the next, one  
of the seven servants; and then taking  
the part of a jockey, played by the  
youngest child, a mere baby, whose  
little legs had much difficulty to get  
into the top-boots—until he had taken  
every part in the play.  
And when the children were old  
enough to act regular pieces, the same  
pains were taken about any little  
character they might ask for, any song  
they were taught to sing, each child  
knowing well that such pains had to be  
taken before his approval could be won.  
As with his play, so with his company  
of actors, so with his juvenile company  
did his own earnestness and activity  
work upon them and affect each per-  
sonally. The shyest and most awkward  
child would come out quite brilliantly  
under his patient and always encourag-  
ing training.  
Then again, at the juvenile parties he  
was always the ruling spirit. He had  
acquired by degrees an excellent col-  
lection of conjuring tricks, and on  
Twelfth Night—the chief son's birthday  
he would very often, dressed as a  
magician, give a conjuring entertain-  
ment, when a little figure which ap-  
peared from a wonderful and myster-  
ious bag, and which was supposed to  
be a personal friend of the conjurer,  
would greatly delight the company by  
his funny stories, his eccentric voice  
and way of speaking, and by his mir-  
aculous appearances and disappearances.  
Of course, a plum-pudding was made  
in a hat, and was always one of the  
successes of the evening.  
It would be almost impossible even  
to guess how many such puddings have  
been made since.  
But surely, those made by Charles  
Dickens must have possessed some  
special fairy power, other conjurer  
being able to put his pudding into the  
love, sympathy, fun and thorough  
enjoyment which seemed to come from  
the very hands of this great magician!

**Cent's by the Car-Load.**  
[Cleveland Herald.]  
As is well known, central western  
and southern cities seem to use any  
coin less than a nickel. When a news-  
paper corporation started a cheap even-  
ing paper in St. Louis it bought and  
circulated in that city several barrels of  
cents.  
It would surprise the reader who has  
never investigated the matter to learn  
how many cents have been coined. At  
the close of the fiscal year of 1883 the  
total coinage of cents equaled \$6,071,  
039.59. "You have no adequate idea  
what such a bulk of cents would be,"  
said the cheerful statistician who im-  
parted the facts. "Granting that they  
were all the size now in use, they  
would amount to a pile of coins nearly  
as large as the city of New York, and  
carrying twenty tons each."  
The first American cent was author-  
ized to be coined by an act of congress  
of July 6, 1793. It was first coined by  
James Jarvis, of New Haven, Conn.  
The weight was 264 grains, which was  
reduced to 208 grains in 1793, and  
being still too large, to 168 grains two  
years later. The coinage was discon-  
tinued in 1857, after \$1,562,387.44  
worth had been made.  
In 1857 the nickel cent was first  
coined. It was smaller than the old-  
fashioned predecessor, weighing 72  
grains, 88 per cent of copper and 12  
per cent of nickel. In 1864 the coin-  
age was discontinued after \$2,007,725  
worth had been made. The bronze  
cent of the present time came into  
being in 1864. It weighed only 48  
grains, of which 85 per cent is copper  
and 5 per cent zinc and tin. The total  
amount coined at the end of the fiscal  
year ending June 30 was \$3,077,720.  
The grand total of all cents coined  
up to the close of the fiscal year ending  
June 30, 1881, was \$6,071,039.59.

**Tennessee's Dog Question.**  
[Chicago Tribune.]  
Statistics show that Tennessee has at  
least 300,000 dogs. The food for each  
dog would raise 100 pounds of bacon,  
which would be 30,000,000 pounds of  
bacon. This, at 10 cents per pound,  
would be worth \$3,000,000. This is  
not all. These dogs probably destroy  
50,000 sheep, worth \$2 per head, and  
they prevent the raising of \$1,000,000  
worth of wool and mutton that other-  
wise would be raised. Thus it costs  
more than \$4,000,000 to feed these  
worthless dogs. The food of these dogs  
would feed 100,000 able-bodied laborers,  
and the wool lost would clothe 1,500,000  
people.  
New York Independent: The one  
lesson which, more than all others, is  
being taught by the progress of sani-  
tary science and art is that most of the  
physical evils of this life are the direct  
result of breaches of law.

**SAVED THE COUNTY CREDIT.**  
[Charleston (W. Va.) Cor. Detroit Free Press.]  
The neighboring county of Green-  
brier issued during the war a great  
deal of county scrip, which was noth-  
ing more or less than a promise on the  
part of the county, then claiming to be  
part of the Confederate states, to pay  
full value in legal tender of the realm.  
Col. Joel McPherson was clerk of the  
county court of Greenbrier county at  
the time this scrip was issued, and  
every piece bore his signature.  
Our old friend Bromberg walked  
into Col. McPherson's office one day,  
several years after the war, laid his  
heavy walking stick down on the table,  
pulled a big bowie knife out of his  
sheath, and laid it by the stick, took the  
horse and propped away like the wind  
if he happens to be caught he is shot.  
If he is not, the tribe from which he  
has stolen the girl pays him a visit in  
a few days. The dervish, a priest of the  
tribe, joins the hands of the young  
woman and the girl, and both tribes join  
in the merriment.  
All the bravest men steal their wives,  
but there are some who do not. Their  
method is a little different. Of a calm,  
moonlight night—and moonlight in the  
tropics is far more beautiful than here  
you may see an Arab sitting before  
the tent of his inamorata picking a  
stringed instrument something like our  
banjo and singing a song of his own  
composition. This is his courtship.  
And any man who dares to pick a  
woman in the world. They talk in poetry,  
and extemporization is as easy with  
them as it was with the Scalds of old  
Ireland. If the girl is obstinate he goes  
elsewhere and seeks to win another girl  
by his songs and music.  
Sometimes the fathers make up the  
match, but always the girl is the obedi-  
ent slave. Her religion, her people,  
her national instincts, the traditions of  
her ancestors, all teach her to be the  
slave of her husband. The power of  
life and death is in his hands, and she  
bows before his opinions with the most  
implicit obedience. It is only when the  
fair-faced Frank comes, with his glib  
talk of woman's highest duties and  
grander sphere, with his winning man-  
ner, his high intelligence, so flatter-  
ing to a woman's soul, that she leaves  
her husband, forsakes the teachings of  
her childhood, gives up home and  
friends, and risks death itself to repose  
in his arms. They are as fine riders as  
the men, and as fearless. They can go  
almost any distance without fatigue.  
They are fine shots, and don't know  
what personal fear is.  
The women of these people are mod-  
est and far more faithful than the  
women of civilized life. Indeed, it is  
the rarest thing in the world to hear of  
conjugal infidelity. The women mature  
at 11 and 12, and are old at 35. When  
young they are beautiful. They have  
soft, dark skin, black, flowing hair,  
and soft, languishing eyes. They are pas-  
sionate in their loves, but after marriage  
all their affection is centered in their  
husbands. If a woman is found to be  
untrue to her husband she is instantly  
killed, together with her lover. But  
this seldom happens.

**A ROVING PEOPLE.**  
[Denver News.]  
One of our enterprising inventors has  
patented a life-boat, which seems to  
meet nearly every want of shipwrecked  
people. His boat consists of a hollow  
globe of metal or wood, ballasted at the  
bottom, so that it will always right  
itself immediately on touching the  
water, and can never capsize even in  
the roughest sea. This boat has com-  
partments for water, medical stores,  
and provisions, built-in "lets in" light,  
a door for ingress and egress, a  
port hole for hoisting signals to the  
main, comfortable seats all round the  
hollow mast for supplying fresh air, and  
for carrying off that which has become  
vitiated. On the outside of the globe  
there is a gallery, for the use of  
sailors in rowing, hoisting sail, dis-  
charging rockets, or steering. Of course,  
the cases would be very rare where  
rowing, sailing, or steering would be re-  
quired, but in case of need all three  
could be easily managed.  
A glance at the model will show how  
completely the passengers would be  
protected from rain and wind, and con-  
sequently, to a great extent, from cold.  
This is a very important point in Mr.  
Manes's design, as all know that very  
many persons, not merely women and  
children, but often hardy men, only  
escape drowning to perish from exposure  
to the weather. Mr. Manes sug-  
gests that a propeller might be attached  
to the boat to be worked by a crank  
turned by the passengers on the inside.  
It is calculated that a boat twelve feet  
in diameter, would carry about fifty  
passengers. The boat can be carried  
on deck or hung over the stern on  
davit, in either of which positions it  
may be used as a cabin during the  
voyage.

**Costume of Fifty Years Ago.**  
[St. Louis Republic.]  
"The state of costume," says Gen.  
Mallet, "and even the manners of the  
present generation are not, in my opin-  
ion, an improvement on a half century  
ago. The manager would not admit a  
gentleman into a ball-room with boots,  
sneakers, and a coat, and to dance  
without gloves was simply vulgar. At  
commencement ball (when I graduated,  
1818), my coat was broadcloth, of sea-  
green color, high velvet collar to  
match; swallow-tail, pockets outside  
with lapels and large silver-plated  
buttons, white waist, diamond vest,  
showing the edge of a blue  
undershirt; a wide opening for  
bosom rufflers, and no shirt collar.  
The neck was eased with a layer of  
four or five three-cornered cravats, arti-  
stically laid and surmounted with a cam-  
bric stock, pleated and buckled behind.  
My pantaloons were white cotton crape,  
lined with pink muslin, and showed a  
pale-blossom tint. They were rather  
short, in order to display flesh-colored  
stock stockings, and exposure was in-  
creased by many low-cut pumps with  
shiny buckles. My hair was very black,  
very long, and quipped. I should be  
taken for a lunatic or a harlequin in  
such a costume now."

**Woman's Suffrage.**  
[Chicago Tribune.]  
Miss Anthony said: "I have been  
roundly abused for causing a row for  
sending a female clerk of mine to send a  
letter in which woman suffrage was spelled  
'suffrage,' and was not corrected. There  
is a little secret history about that  
letter that will be amusing to those  
who are laughing at me and my  
female clerk who cannot spell suffrage.  
The fact is that my clerk made a cor-  
rect copy of the letter, which I ap-  
proved, and which was then sent to a  
male clerk, a college graduate, to make  
a large number of copies. Every copy  
which this gentleman prepared read  
'suffrage,' and what is still more  
startling, a number of members of con-  
gress, in replying to the letter, adopted  
the same unique orthography. This  
may turn the laugh a little on to the  
other side," was Miss Anthony's closing  
comment, and the reporter thought so  
too.

**THE OLD BALLAD SINGER.**  
[Cincinnati Times-Star.]  
The other day I met an old ballad  
singer who was still devoted to his pro-  
fession, though he had followed it for  
years without achieving much more  
wealth than was required for the day's  
sustenance. I observed that music of  
the simpler kind was not as much ap-  
preciated now as in years gone by when  
the custom of the people was plainer,  
and their knowledge of music less cul-  
tivated. The man is now a scene shifter  
at one of our theatres.  
"Music is the only thing you can  
teach a mob with," said the old singer,  
as he examined his patent leather on a  
box, and shifted the position of his  
Henry Clay cigar.  
"What kind of music?" asked a  
stander-by.  
"Why, ballads, of course," replied  
the man of song. "You don't suppose  
you're going to soften anybody's heart  
with an operetta, do you? I'd have been  
fired through a drug store window if it  
wasn't that I was able to sing."  
"What did you sing?"  
"The most beautiful of all songs:  
'Don't Tread on a Man When He's  
Down.' Here's a verse of it:  
'Don't tread on a man when he's down,  
For the world looks black enough then,  
Just give him a smile and a word of cheer,  
And let him begin life again.'  
'Now, there's sentiment in that, and  
it stopped the fight right off.'  
'What songs are most popular?'  
'Well, that's hard to say. Some  
like one thing and some like another.  
Mothers always like this:  
'I wish I was a baby,  
A darling little baby,  
To smile at winter snow flakes  
And laugh at summer showers.'  
'The words are simple, and it ain't  
hard to wrestle with the tune; but it's  
very touchin', very touchin'. It's so  
true to life, you know, and that's what  
the people want. But that sort of  
singing is all right enough for them.  
It won't do to give it to 'em all the time,  
you know. Some people don't know  
nothin' about babies, and you've got to  
give them plenty of love. I never saw  
the man yet you couldn't get the upper  
hand of with a good love song, and as  
for the girls, you can't give 'em enough.  
It's human nature, you know, for  
they've all been there, and them as  
hasn't is willin' to be. Here's a dandy.  
I always got to sing it twice.'  
The old ballad singer drew out his  
chest, and, in a voice that had evi-  
dently seen better days, piped the fol-  
lowing:  
"You call me sweet and tender names,  
And softly smooth my tresses,  
And all the while my happy heart  
Beats time to your caresses.  
You love me in your tender way,  
I answer as you let me,  
But ah! there comes another day,  
The day when you'll forget me."  
"I've seen 'th' handkerchiefs come  
out every time I ever sung that song,"  
said the old balladist, as he wiped a  
silent tear from the corner of his eye.  
"It's a sad business, folks, and I'm  
tired of them old songs. Here's an-  
other:  
'Little sweetheart, come and kiss me  
Just once more before I go;  
Till me truly that you miss me  
As I wander to and fro.'  
"That there, you see, is a sort of  
a descriptive song. First he wants his  
girl to kiss him, and then, when he  
wanders to and fro, he wants her to  
miss him."  
"But why does he wander to and  
fro?" asked the scene shifter.  
"Why, that's a poetic license, of  
course," growled the old balladist.  
"You want the man to wander, here  
a kissin' and alobberin' all the time, do  
you? He's got to go away somers and  
wander. Folks like the idea of lovers  
separatin' and comin' together again.  
It works on the feelin's sorter. I tell  
you, if a man can sing a good  
song he'll get through with his trou-  
ble on his feet on the other side.  
Bain' president of the United States  
ain't nothin' to it."

**THE OLD BALLAD SINGER.**  
[Cincinnati Times-Star.]  
The other day I met an old ballad  
singer who was still devoted to his pro-  
fession, though he had followed it for  
years without achieving much more  
wealth than was required for the day's  
sustenance. I observed that music of  
the simpler kind was not as much ap-  
preciated now as in years gone by when  
the custom of the people was plainer,  
and their knowledge of music less cul-  
tivated. The man is now a scene shifter  
at one of our theatres.  
"Music is the only thing you can  
teach a mob with," said the old singer,  
as he examined his patent leather on a  
box, and shifted the position of his  
Henry Clay cigar.  
"What kind of music?" asked a  
stander-by.  
"Why, ballads, of course," replied  
the man of song. "You don't suppose  
you're going to soften anybody's heart  
with an operetta, do you? I'd have been  
fired through a drug store window if it  
wasn't that I was able to sing."  
"What did you sing?"  
"The most beautiful of all songs:  
'Don't Tread on a Man When He's  
Down.' Here's a verse of it:  
'Don't tread on a man when he's down,  
For the world looks black enough then,  
Just give him a smile and a word of cheer,  
And let him begin life again.'  
'Now, there's sentiment in that, and  
it stopped the fight right off.'  
'What songs are most popular?'  
'Well, that's hard to say. Some  
like one thing and some like another.  
Mothers always like this:  
'I wish I was a baby,  
A darling little baby,  
To smile at winter snow flakes  
And laugh at summer showers.'  
'The words are simple, and it ain't  
hard to wrestle with the tune; but it's  
very touchin', very touchin'. It's so  
true to life, you know, and that's what  
the people want. But that sort of  
singing is all right enough for them.  
It won't do to give it to 'em all the time,  
you know. Some people don't know  
nothin' about babies, and you've got to  
give them plenty of love. I never saw  
the man yet you couldn't get the upper  
hand of with a good love song, and as  
for the girls, you can't give 'em enough.  
It's human nature, you know, for  
they've all been there, and them as  
hasn't is willin' to be. Here's a dandy.  
I always got to sing it twice.'  
The old ballad singer drew out his  
chest, and, in a voice that had evi-  
dently seen better days, piped the fol-  
lowing:  
"You call me sweet and tender names,  
And softly smooth my tresses,  
And all the while my happy heart  
Beats time to your caresses.  
You love me in your tender way,  
I answer as you let me,  
But ah! there comes another day,  
The day when you'll forget me."  
"I've seen 'th' handkerchiefs come  
out every time I ever sung that song,"  
said the old balladist, as he wiped a  
silent tear from the corner of his eye.  
"It's a sad business, folks, and I'm  
tired of them old songs. Here's an-  
other:  
'Little sweetheart, come and kiss me  
Just once more before I go;  
Till me truly that you miss me  
As I wander to and fro.'  
"That there, you see, is a sort of  
a descriptive song. First he wants his  
girl to kiss him, and then, when he  
wanders to and fro, he wants her to  
miss him."  
"But why does he wander to and  
fro?" asked the scene shifter.  
"Why, that's a poetic license, of  
course," growled the old balladist.  
"You want the man to wander, here  
a kissin' and alobberin' all the time, do  
you? He's got to go away somers and  
wander. Folks like the idea of lovers  
separatin' and comin' together again.  
It works on the feelin's sorter. I tell  
you, if a man can sing a good  
song he'll get through with his trou-  
ble on his feet on the other side.  
Bain' president of the United States  
ain't nothin' to it."

**THE OLD BALLAD SINGER.**  
[Cincinnati Times-Star.]  
The other day I met an old ballad  
singer who was still devoted to his pro-  
fession, though he had followed it for  
years without achieving much more  
wealth than was required for the day's  
sustenance. I observed that music of  
the simpler kind was not as much ap-  
preciated now as in years gone by when  
the custom of the people was plainer,  
and their knowledge of music less cul-  
tivated. The man is now a scene shifter  
at one of our theatres.  
"Music is the only thing you can  
teach a mob with," said the old singer,  
as he examined his patent leather on a  
box, and shifted the position of his  
Henry Clay cigar.  
"What kind of music?" asked a  
stander-by.  
"Why, ballads, of course," replied  
the man of song. "You don't suppose  
you're going to soften anybody's heart  
with an operetta, do you? I'd have been  
fired through a drug store window if it  
wasn't that I was able to sing."  
"What did you sing?"  
"The most beautiful of all songs:  
'Don't Tread on a Man When He's  
Down.' Here's a verse of it:  
'Don't tread on a man when he's down,  
For the world looks black enough then,  
Just give him a smile and a word of cheer,  
And let him begin life again.'  
'Now, there's sentiment in that, and  
it stopped the fight right off.'  
'What songs are most popular?'  
'Well, that's hard to say. Some  
like one thing and some like another.  
Mothers always like this:  
'I wish I was a baby,  
A darling little baby,  
To smile at winter snow flakes  
And laugh at summer showers.'  
'The words are simple, and it ain't  
hard to wrestle with the tune; but it's  
very touchin', very touchin'. It's so  
true to life, you know, and that's what  
the people want. But that sort of  
singing is all right enough for them.  
It won't do to give it to 'em all the time,  
you know. Some people don't know  
nothin' about babies, and you've got to  
give them plenty of love. I never saw  
the man yet you couldn't get the upper  
hand of with a good love song, and as  
for the girls, you can't give 'em enough.  
It's human nature, you know, for  
they've all been there, and them as  
hasn't is willin' to be. Here's a dandy.  
I always got to sing it twice.'  
The old ballad singer drew out his  
chest, and, in a voice that had evi-  
dently seen better days, piped the fol-  
lowing:  
"You call me sweet and tender names,  
And softly smooth my tresses,  
And all the while my happy heart  
Beats time to your caresses.  
You love me in your tender way,  
I answer as you let me,  
But ah! there comes another day,  
The day when you'll forget me."  
"I've seen 'th' handkerchiefs come  
out every time I ever sung that song,"  
said the old balladist, as he wiped a  
silent tear from the corner of his eye.  
"It's a sad business, folks, and I'm  
tired of them old songs. Here's an-  
other:  
'Little sweetheart, come and kiss me  
Just once more before I go;  
Till me truly that you miss me  
As I wander to and fro.'  
"That there, you see, is a sort of  
a descriptive song. First he wants his  
girl to kiss him, and then, when he  
wanders to and fro, he wants her to  
miss him."  
"But why does he wander to and  
fro?" asked the scene shifter.  
"Why, that's a poetic license, of  
course," growled the old balladist.  
"You want the man to wander, here  
a kissin' and alobberin' all the time, do  
you? He's got to go away somers and  
wander. Folks like the idea of lovers  
separatin' and comin' together again.  
It works on the feelin's sorter. I tell  
you, if a man can sing a good  
song he'll get through with his trou-  
ble on his feet on the other side.  
Bain' president of the United States  
ain't nothin' to it."

**THE OLD BALLAD SINGER.**  
[Cincinnati Times-Star.]  
The other day I met an old ballad  
singer who was still devoted to his pro-  
fession, though he had followed it for  
years without achieving much more  
wealth than was required for the day's  
sustenance. I observed that music of  
the simpler kind was not as much ap-  
preciated now as in years gone by when  
the custom of the people was plainer,  
and their knowledge of music less cul-  
tivated. The man is now a scene shifter  
at one of our theatres.  
"Music is the only thing you can  
teach a mob with," said the old singer,  
as he examined his patent leather on a  
box, and shifted the position of his  
Henry Clay cigar.  
"What kind of music?" asked a  
stander-by.  
"Why, ballads, of course," replied  
the man of song. "You don't suppose  
you're going to soften anybody's heart  
with an operetta, do you? I'd have been  
fired through a drug store window if it  
wasn't that I was able to sing."  
"What did you sing?"  
"The most beautiful of all songs:  
'Don't Tread on a Man When He's  
Down.' Here's a verse of it:  
'Don't tread on a man when he's down,  
For the world looks black enough then,  
Just give him a smile and a word of cheer,  
And let him begin life again.'  
'Now, there's sentiment in that, and  
it stopped the fight right off.'  
'What songs are most popular?'  
'Well, that's hard to say. Some  
like one thing and some like another.  
Mothers always like this:  
'I wish I was a baby,  
A darling little baby,  
To smile at winter snow flakes  
And laugh at summer showers.'  
'The words are simple, and it ain't  
hard to wrestle with the tune; but it's  
very touchin', very touchin'. It's so  
true to life, you know, and that's what  
the people want. But that sort of  
singing is all right enough for them.  
It won't do to give it to 'em all the time,  
you know. Some people don't know  
nothin' about babies, and you've got to  
give them plenty of love. I never saw  
the man yet you couldn't get the upper  
hand of with a good love song, and as  
for the girls, you can't give 'em enough.  
It's human nature, you know, for  
they've all been there, and them as  
hasn't is willin' to be. Here's a dandy.  
I always got to sing it twice.'  
The old ballad singer drew out his  
chest, and, in a voice that had evi-  
dently seen better days, piped the fol-  
lowing:  
"You call me sweet and tender names,  
And softly smooth my tresses,  
And all the while my happy heart  
Beats time to your caresses.  
You love me in your tender way,  
I answer as you let me,  
But ah! there comes another day,  
The day when you'll forget me."  
"I've seen 'th' handkerchiefs come  
out every time I ever sung that song,"  
said the old balladist, as he wiped a  
silent tear from the corner of his eye.  
"It's a sad business, folks, and I'm  
tired of them old songs. Here's an-  
other:  
'Little sweetheart, come and kiss me  
Just once more before I go;  
Till me truly that you miss me  
As I wander to and fro.'  
"That there, you see, is a sort of  
a descriptive song. First he wants his  
girl to kiss him, and then, when he  
wanders to and fro, he wants her to  
miss him."  
"But why does he wander to and  
fro?" asked the scene shifter.  
"Why, that's a poetic license, of  
course," growled the old balladist.  
"You want the man to wander, here  
a kissin' and alobberin' all the time, do  
you? He's got to go away somers and  
wander. Folks like the idea of lovers  
separatin' and comin' together again.  
It works on the feelin's sorter. I tell  
you, if a man can sing a good  
song he'll get through with his trou-  
ble on his feet on the other side.  
Bain' president of the United States  
ain't nothin' to it."

**THE OLD BALLAD SINGER.**  
[Cincinnati Times-Star.]  
The other day I met an old ballad  
singer who was still devoted to his pro-  
fession, though he had followed it for  
years without achieving much more  
wealth than was required for the day's  
sustenance. I observed that music of  
the simpler kind was not as much ap-  
preciated now as in years gone by when  
the custom of the people was plainer,  
and their knowledge of music less cul-  
tivated. The man is now a scene shifter  
at one of our theatres.  
"Music is the only thing you can  
teach a mob with," said the old singer,  
as he examined his patent leather on a  
box, and shifted the position of his  
Henry Clay cigar.  
"What kind of music?" asked a  
stander-by.  
"Why, ballads, of course," replied  
the man of song. "You don't suppose  
you're going to soften anybody's heart  
with an operetta, do you? I'd have been  
fired through a drug store window if it  
wasn't that I was able to sing."  
"What did you sing?"  
"The most beautiful of all songs:  
'Don't Tread on a Man When He's  
Down.' Here's a verse of it:  
'Don't tread on a man when he's down,  
For the world looks black enough then,  
Just give him a smile and a word of cheer,  
And let him begin life again.'  
'Now, there's sentiment in that, and  
it stopped the fight right off.'  
'What songs are most popular?'  
'Well, that's hard to say. Some  
like one thing and some like another.  
Mothers always like this:  
'I wish I was a baby,  
A darling little baby,  
To smile at winter snow flakes  
And laugh at summer showers.'  
'The words are simple, and it ain't  
hard to wrestle with the tune; but it's  
very touchin', very touchin'. It's so  
true to life, you know, and that's what  
the people want. But that sort of  
singing is all right enough for them.  
It won't do to give it to 'em all the time,  
you know. Some people don't know  
nothin' about babies, and